This City Has Over 500 Moving Picture Shows; Do YOU Know WHY?

By Charles Darnton.



LIKE to see a story."

A long tramp had led to a short answer. And the woman with a shawl about her head and a wide-eyed child clutching her hand was probably right about the appeal of the moving picture.

How wide this appeal has become may be judged from the fact that there are more than 500 moving picture shows in New York. From one end of the town to the other the "manager," with little more than

a lantern to his name, is holding the screen up to nature, and occasionally turning a trick that goes nature one better. Although vaudeville audiences take the moving picture as their cue to move toward home, true lovers of art In action take all they can get for five or ten cents, and then come back for

They like to see a story.

That's the explanation-thanks to the woman with a shawl over he: head. They feed upon mechanical fiction. They read as they look. Senestional melodrama, with the villain doing his worst in a plug hat, is an old story to them. They know it by heart. And so, theatres in which virtue used to take a back seat until the last act have felt the power of moving pictures. Only one remains to tell the blood-and-thunder tale in all Manhattan, and it was obliged to get down to "workingmen's prices" before it could compete with its noiseless rivals. From the start the moving picture show had a double advantage-lower prices and a daily change of bill. Then it went further and produced "talking pictures," but in most cases this feature has been done away with, audiences preferring to take their "plays" in peace and not be disturbed by the man behind the megaphone. What they want is action. Their attitude goes to show that it is always well to leave something to the imagination. They like to see a story from their own

In New York nearly every neighborhood has its "show," and the craze has spread throughout the country, until no town is too small to do the noving picture honor. Here, according to the word of a Sixth avenue showman, "picture fiends," who keep a record of what they have seen and protest against "repeaters," are an outgrowth of the craze. Their criticism of the Sunday exhibitions at which only "educational" pictures may be shown, in accordance with the stupid law, is often expressed in the simple term "Rotten!" They insist upon getting action for their money. The pictures must get "a move on" to win success. Patrons of the picture-drama want to see a story with plenty of action in it. From the Bowery to the Bronx tastes and pictures are much the same.

In "The Magic Boots" a happy indi-

In a Mulberry street "theatre," con-

merely a delicate tribute to the Metro-

was there only in voice and picture.

You could recognize her picture but her

When they canned Bessie's voice they

and so it had soured and curdled and

But here as elsewhere serious pic-

Quite Natural,

man servant, nor your maid servant,

Her mother, hearing the outburst.

Little Miss Beecher promptly replied:

if she knew what she was saying.

nor your ox, nor your ass."

answered:

N one occasion a grandniece of

"I hate you, and I don't want

sternly reproved her offspring, asking her half closed in silent laughter or wide

laugh."

Bowery Wants Bank Robberies and sweetheart promised to meet a

But here and there, of course, indi- newly arrived sailor "down by the vidual taste asserts itself. The proprie- pond." His note to her was revealed tor of a little hall on the Bowery con- on the screen. But the jealous peasant fessed that while his clientele showed got to the pond first, and when the girl a due appreciation of comedy and came along he sneaked up behind her tragedy, they had from time to time and threw her into the pond. The inexpressed a deep yearning for bank rob- evitable gendarmes first arrested the beries. Unfortunately, safe-cracking is sailor, of course, but after a long chase not included in the picture-maker's they nabbed the guilty peasant. repertoire, and so the regretful "man- No- of the pictures showed genager" has not been able to supply the darmes in pursuit of somebody. The demand for that particular form of principal figure was usually obliged to art. However, his audience made the "run for it," and suspense was kept up best of things on a recent afternoon until the capture of the fugitive. The and seemed rather pleased with "A "story" was kept on the jump. Corsican Revenge."

The Corsican who caused all the vidual was seen eluding his pursuers by trouble by killing a fellow fisherman walking on water, telegraph wiresand then got knifed by his victim's wherever his fancy led him. His wonwife, a husky lady with a fine stroke, derful boots defied the French and all looked like Caruso in "Cavalleria Rus- other laws. But down in Grand street ticana." According to the hospitable it was the serious pictures that gripped custom of the country, she was obliged the spectators. to entertain her husband's slayer when "Dremma," answered one "manager" he sought refuge in her home, but once when asked what appealed to his patrons work of him. The lively little tragedy described as one of his best customers was worked out with neatness and de- said: "I like to see a story. The funny spatch. Five or six Chinamen who pictures-they are funny, yes, but you MRS.B could qualify as Broadway first-night- don't remember them. I like to rememers without putting on boiled shirts ber what I see. You don't forget a story watched "A Corsican Revenge" with- -it goes home with you." out the slightest change of expression. Take Chem Seriously. edy was received with roars of laugh- der all circumstances was suggested by as the Directoire hands and form. ter. The drummer emphasized each this announcement over the door of one

kick with a thump, and the "professor" place; "The Bride of Lammermoor-A came down hard on the piano. "Com. Tragedy of Bonnie Scotland."

other made this polite request; "Gen- street. A coal stove filled the place tlemen Will Please Refrain from Using with gas but no one seemed to notice Profane Language." The gentlemen did.

Accordion Breathes Hard. In front of another temple of art wasn't among those present on the

across the street was the sign: "Posi- screen. tively No Free List During This Engagement." You had to have a nickel politan's sobbing tenor. to get inside. Down in front sat a Bow- Bessie Wynn's name was prominently ery artist with an accordion that was displayed in front of an imposing theadrawing its breath with great difficulty, tre in Fourteenth street. But Bessie During the overture he addressed facetious remarks to the audience. "Hey, there!" yelled one of the crowd.

"Cut out that comedy and give us some evidently forgot to screw down the lid, "Anyt'ing doin'?" inquired the per-

lost its flavor. former, holding out his hat. "Come on, "The Wild Horse" filled up on oats now," he urged, "t'row in a little sum- at the Manhattan Theatre and develt'in' fer de dear ones wot are dead and fat and fearful animal that kicked

"Ferget it!" yelled the unsympathetic everything to pieces. It was the "big

"The Gallant Guardsman" presently drew attention from the accordion ar- hariem Likes to Laugh. tist. At the first appearance of a Spanish soldier on the screen the accordion tures, with now and then a shooting or began wheezing "Die Wacht am Rhein." stabbing incident for excitement, out-When the guardsman rescued a dancing numbered the comic subjects. Harlem girl from the embraces of a low-browed showed the greatest fondness for funny citizen the tune changed to "Marching pictures. The Bronx appeared to be Through Georgia." A dash of "Trova- more serious minded. tore" cheered the guardsman on his way. Some of the places open their doors The low-browed citizen waited behind as early as 9 in the morning and keep a wall and killed the first soldier that going until after 11 at night. The shows came along. But he got the wrong are continuous, and so are the priviman, and the hero was about to be leges that go with a ticket. Only the

shot when the barefooted dancing girl pictures are compelled to move. ran to the rescue and explained the cituation in a few hand-made gestures. The audience followed the story with intense interest, and only the accordion was heard until a picture showing a Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe beyoung man who was carried off in a little playmates, and stamping her foot, wardrobe appealed to the Bowery sense

of humor. The hero of this adventure anything more to do with you, nor your found himself in the bedroom of a loving couple, who finally accepted his explanation and then had him sit down to supper with them.

French but Chaste.

All of the pictures seen on the lower east and west sides were French but chaste. Nothing more shocking than a nurder occurred in any of them. At a place in Grand street "The Peasmt's Love" was the chief feature of s'pose."

The City II of Food Some of the Things to Be Seen in Mowing Picture Shows Trans ARTER OFF.



Mrs. Brown Potter's Beauty Lessons

Prepared Especially for The Evening World &

THIRD LESSON. The Directoire Foot and Its Long, Slender Lines.

By Mrs. Brown Potter.

OW that we have discussed the Di- foot.

styles. It is the effect. extremities. Because

at present are made with as little fulness as pos-

sible around heels as well as ldp, the foot can no longer conceal itself bebeneath voluminous draperies, and beauty or lack of it is brought into the all two energetic gentlemen were flashed This serious interest in story-pictures limelight. Therefore, to continue the upon the scene and began kicking each was apparent in other halls along Grand line of harmony from top to toe, one other in the stomach. This light com- street. But a desire to be cheerful un- must acquire the Directoire foot as well Fortunately for the average woman it is not difficult to do this.

The Directoire foot is long, slender and narrow, and its beauty of line lies A placard on the wall warned the dueted under Italian auspices, the plc. chiefly in the cut of the shoe. When visitor to "Beware of Pickpockets." An- tures were similar to those in Grand purchasing slipper or boot the woman who wants to be strictly up to date should remember that length of line is the latest fad, and though the pointed it. Another Italian place in West toe adds an inch or two to the size of Houston street sported this sign: "Caruso Moving Pictures." But Caruso a foot it also brings with it the desired Directoire shape. But what is added in length is cut off The name, apparently, was

reader will experience difficulty, for no part of the body is more difficult to

train than the foot. Stiff rotary massage conscientiously take off unnecessary flesh from the

rectoire hands and figure, we will A daily bath in very hot water which turn to the third feature which has been pienteously springled with bohas been changed rax will also help in reducing the foot's by the Directoire size and is at the same time soothing in

Directoire foot, A thorough manicure should be given

W HEN you want to give a little birthday heart, paint her a hair bow. A very good quality of taffeta ribbon, six inches wide, white or the very lightest blue or pinkbut the artist will have more choice of colors if the ribbon be white.

Tie the ribbon, in imagination, into a perky bow, and plan to place your butterfly on one of the loops-a very much more attractive scheme than butterfly on each end. If you are very careful artist, first try the paints on a snip of the ribbon. Have your butterfly of the daintlest, lightif you have got the stencil habit. will be perfectly possible on taffeta and will admit of two, or even three delicate colors.

By Count Tolstoy.

--- Translated by Herman Bernstein. (Copyrighted by the greas lublishing Company, the New York World, 1908.) The italicized paragraphs are Count Tolstoy's orig-

Divine Love.

TOVE for your Ego of the flesh is a perversion of L love for God. To love within yourself Him who alone is within all of us is to love God.

ASTER, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all

done for ten or fifteen minutes each thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. morning and evening will do much to And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

-St. Matthew. xxil., 36-40.

JAN.

LL people live not by what they themselves think, but by the love that

It is as though God did not wish that people should live sepafor the influence the foot bi-weekly, for no foot can be rately, and therefore did not reveal to them what is necessary to each one, for the influence of the long, slender lines which are now all the rage is felt even in my lady's pedal in m

DEOPLE live by love; love for self is the beginning of death; love for God and other people is the beginning of life,

F a man cannot forgive his brother, he does not love him. Real love is endless, and there is no end to the offenses which it would forgive, if

OVE is not the fundamental origin of our life. Love is the effect, not cook"--L the cause. The cause of love is the consciousness within yourself of "And whether you take your whiskey the divine spiritual origin. This consciousness requires love and pro-

TO love only the person that is agreeable to us does not mean to love God, "And how you pay your tailor, and does not mean to love at all.

DEAL love is attained by effort. Remember that he whom you love "Divorce is a boon-a privilege-and loves himself even as you love yourself, and you will understand how they want to find out whether or not it is necessary for you to act toward him.

THE WIDOW

Says Anybody Can Get Married, But Diporce Is a Distinction.

By Helen Rowland.

elor up Riverside

Drive, "Did you a divorce," know there were stared at her. FORTY-SIX York City?" Bachelor looked

really frightened.

"And only ONE

Yes." The Vidow shook her head sadly. "And he record time in which it can be done is a minute and a half!"

"And the record time in which it can be undone is a year and a half!" "Or a lifetime and a half!" added the Widow, bitterly. "And yet, when a man and woman get married they alays appear to think they have done omething unusually noble and clever

"Well," broke in the Bachelor soothngly, "it is noble of the man, anddever of the woman, isn't it?" "What!" The Widow took her muff down from her chin and stared at the

Bachelor suspiciously. "I mean noble of the woman and "Stupid of both of them," finished the Widow abruptly. "Anybody can

get married," she wenton sarcastically, but you've got to prove that you're suitably qualified and perfectly proper and able to pay alimony before you can to matrimony is the broad and danger-

ous way and the path to divorce is the straight and narrow"-"Oh, not exactly," interrupted the Widow, "But when you apply for a marriage license the only important question they ask is whether or not you are twenty-one, and you don't even have to prove that; but when you apply

shuddered. want to know what time you come home gilt handbags and the sheath gowns nights and how you spend your money "And what your maid thinks of you,

for a divorce decree, just look at the



"Anybody can get married."

and how you get along with your

straight or with soda, and if you wear "And what brand of powder you use,

and how many times you've flirted"how many times you've been in jail, and -oh, well, of course, they do!" finished the Bachelor with sudden conviction. you deserve it." "And marriage is a punishment," re-

joined the Widow, "and anybody who is foolish enough to go into it deserves 44T'VE just read a dreadful thing!" It! But it does seem funny," she addexclaimed the Widow, lifting her ed, with a gargle. that the only peoskirts daintily as she strolled ple who, we can be sure, are absolutely

"What?" The Bachelor turned and

"Well," she explained, plaintively, ways of getting "THEY'VE PROVED their respectability. They've had their pasts dragged out and inspected and stamped with legal approval; but any old burglar or shoplifter, or street peddler, or beggan



"Wheeew!" exclaimed the Bachelor, to prove that he's able to support a Do you mean to imply that the path wife in order to get one, but he has to prove that he's able to pay her alimony

in order to get rid of one."
"That's so!" cried the Bachelor. "Divorce is a sure sign of ready money. You can marry and live together on \$1 a week, but it takes a big lawyer's fee and a solid income to live apart. Matrimony is cheap beside alimony.

"And that," declared the Widow, "Is why divorce is getting to be a mark of questions they ask!" and the Widow social distinction and matrimony is going out of fashion. It's-it's almost bad "Yes," agreed the Bachelor. "They form-like the fur hats at \$1.98, and the on Fourteenth street, isn't it?"

"It does seem to have lost caste," admitted the Bachelor.

"And yet," sighed the Widow, "the clergymen all over the country are making it easier and cheaper and crying for more stringent divorce laws."

"Maybe they're in with the trusts," suggested the Bachelor, "and want to confine all the little luxuries like divorce and alimony to the Four Hundred

and the millionaires." "Not at all," retorted the Widow. They have a better reason than that for wanting to lure us into matrimony

and keep us there 'for all eternity!' ' "They believe in ETERNAL PUNISH-MENT!" announced the Widow, calmly.

"And they know we deserve it," groaned the Bachelor, "and they want us to get it right here on earth! "But we won't, will we?" demanded

the Widow, glancing up definitely with a one-cornered smile under her tip-tlited

"NOT IF I KNOW-not unless you say so." agreed the Bachelor, cheerfully.

Nothing Serious. THE MOTHER-Kitty, did you get those eggs I sent you after?

The Little Girl (handing back the oin)-No, mamma. The man said I'd have to take a whole one; he wouldn't cut an egg in two for noody.-Baltimore American.

Her-The man I marry must have family back of him. Him-Be mine! I have a mother, three girls and a little boy.-Cleve-

oped from a weak, skinny nag into a

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

The Burrell Code. TE told her household tales that were prized like pieces of Burrell plate, heirlooms of sentiment that mark the honor of high-blooded houses; following which there was much to recount of the Meades, from the admira who fought as a boy in the Bay of Tripoli down to the cousin who was at Annapolis; the while his listener hung upon his words hungrily, her mind so quick in pursuit of his that it spurred

him unconsciously, her great dark eyes

with wonder, and in them always the

warmth of the leaping firelight blended

with the trust of a new-born virginal off. "There's no wrong in loving." "Well do you know who wrote them?" . Without realizing it, the young man drifted further than he had intended, is the finest thing, the greatest thing and yet I feel so safe finded them. her every movement with his lips. Her utter her grasp, and, seeking the other side her grasp, and, seeking the other side her every movement with his lips. Her utter her grasp, and, seeking the other side her grasp, and, seeking the other side her grasp, and, seeking the other side her grasp, and weariness was manifest, for she fell of the weariness was manifest. The child, looking much disgusted, and further than he had ever allowed that has ever come into my life. Why, Isn't it queer?" himself to go before, for in him was a I simply can't hold it; I want to sing The young man became conscious of a was a reprobate to wrong her so; it twined about his in a childlike grip.

pose, but it keeps him straight." Then he began to laugh stiently.

"What is it?" she said, curiously. "Oh, nothing! I was just wondering what my strait-laced ancestors would say if they could see me now." "What do you mean?" the

"I don't care," he went on, unheeding her question. "They did worse things in their time, from what hear." He leaned forward to draw her to him. "Worse things? But we are doing nothing bad," said Necia, holding him

"Of course not." he assured her.

I think the reason is that we've been don't ever let me be a big tame. I tinued the girl, "is that it will never going early." soldiers. The army discipline is good don't want to be commonplace and end, I know I shall love you always. He piled up a great, sweet-scented most stuppornly to smother it. If only for a man. It narrows a fellow, I sup- ordinary. I want to be natural-and Do you suppose I am really different couch of springy boughs, and fash- her love was like her blood, he might good." "You couldn't be like other women," he declared, and there was more ten- whole world," he declared, impatiently. hiskhaki coat; then he removed her high- would be easier; but, as it was, he must derness than hunger in his tone now, as "I thought I knew myself, but suddenly laced boots, and, taking her tiny feet, one give her up to-night, and for all time.

> "It is so good to be alive and to love I want to be like your sister." you like this!" she continued, dreamily, He rose and piled more wood on the the big gray blankets over her, and dwindling firelight playing about him. staring into the fire. "I seem to have fire. What possessed the girl? It was tucked her in, while she sighed in de- his manhood and his desires locked income out of a gloomy house into the as if she knew each cunning joint of lightful languor, looking up at him a grim struggle, wondering at the hold glory of a warm spring day, for my his armor, as if she had realized her all the time. eyes are blinded and I can't see half the peril and had set about the awakening beautifuls I want to, there are so many of his conscience, deliberately and with while." he said. "I want to smoke stolen into his heart and head and about me."

the shelter of his arms. "It would spoil

you to grow up."

her growing seriousness.

from other girls?"

she looked up at him trustingly from I seem strange in my own eyes." "but you must help me to overcome it. a sense of her gracious purity and his than her blood.

a cautious wisdom beyond her years. a bit." "Those are my arms," interjected the Well, she had done it—and he swore to She stole a slim, brown hand out from soldier lightly in an effort to ward off himself. Then he melted at the sight of beneath the cover and snuggled it in of his mind and put her away from him.

By Rex Beach,

ioned her a pillow out of a bundle of have had no scruples; or if her blood "Everything is different to-night-the smaller ones, around which he wrapped were as pure as her love-even then it in the palm of either hand, bowed his Her love had placed a barrier between "I've had a big handicap," she said, head over them and kissed them with them greater and more insurmountable own unworthiness. He spread one of He sat for a long time with the

her, crouched there against the shad- his, and he leaned forward, closing her And she . . . ?

stropsis of Preceding Chapters, but notes it is going in her forbears, the expectation of which he had learned to represent in the forbears of the solid and her woman's pression of which he had learned to represent in the forbears of the solid finished the girl remarked, with her by a shore cut, hoping to arrive on the solid sone miles from planes. It is southern you are. Those poor and woman in the ray and persuades him to go there with the ray a shore cut, hoping to arrive on the ray and finished the girl remarked, with her you are of the ray of the ray

"Most of them," he admitted, "and the same, just a wild little. Please "The marvellous part of it all," con- the hours are short and we must be simple halfbreed girl had revived this honor and courage, even when he tried

of a smile upon her lips. He vowed he asleep almost instantly, her fingers without disturbing her and fell asleep.